

# The Evening

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## TEN MONTHS OF REFORM.

The Citizens' Union reviews at length the work of the Low administration and pronounces it well done except as concerns the Police Department, whose "awful problem" is still unsolved. Unstinted praise is given the Health and Street-Cleaning Commissioners, who mostly deserve it of all the new officials, and approbation in varying degree is bestowed on the heads of the other departments. But for Commissioner Partridge, the Mayor's aged Absalom, the fine flower of Mr. Low's appointees to whom was delegated the task of redeeming the main pre-election promise, the reform of the Police Department, for him there is no word of commendation. He "has thus far disappointed popular expectation."

"Thus far" implies a renewal of the old plea of "a little more time for Commissioner Partridge." But has he not already been indulged and endured too long? Are not the disclosures in the Moynihan case sufficient in themselves to call for his removal? They show that six months after the Commissioner took charge of the police blackmail was so far from suppression that when the new captain came to the East One Hundred and Fourth street station the first procedure of keepers of disorderly resorts was to inquire whether the "assessment" would be less or more than under the Devery captain. They came prepared to pay as in the worst days of Deveryism.

We may excuse a wide-open Tenderloin, unsuppressed gambling and a flaunting red light region, and yet find this Moynihan incident sufficient for the discrediting of the Commissioner.

## TEN MONTHS OF INACTION.

This is a day of immense strain on the operating officials at the Grand Central Station. From 9 in the morning till noon the New York, New Haven and Hartford road will be called on to carry from 10,000 to 20,000 additional passengers to New Haven for the Yale game and to return them safely home up to midnight. This will necessitate the running of at least twenty extra trains and the utilization of fractions of minutes for headway. No such congestion occurs at the Forty-second street station at any other time, not even on the morning after Labor Day when home-coming summer tourists and week-end excursionists combine to crowd the terminal beyond its capacity.

To take care of this enormous passenger traffic, to transport it with assured safety, absolute accuracy of human judgment is required and absolute perfection of mechanical devices and operative appliances. Is the system to-day any better than that in use ten months ago? Is it still necessary for engineers blinded by smoke and steam to "feel their way"? Has anything been done to prevent the appearance of another Wisker in a cab?

It is not to be denied that the Central's efforts to get concessions from the Aldermen have been somewhat summarily held up, but is not that due to the fact that the road is asking too much? However that may be except for the drawing of preliminary engineering plans for the new terminal approaches the Central appears to have done little to change the old conditions of danger. The popular "clamor" has subsided, critical attention is turned elsewhere and the promised improvements are relegated to the remote future.

## A PULPIT OPTIMIST.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, speaking on the subject of "The Family," at the Religious Conference said: "Is the integrity or the sacredness of the family threatened? I don't believe there was ever a time or a country of so many happy families as 1902 in these United States."

This is refreshing ministerial optimism, the expression of a trained and competent observer of family life as it is and not as the stage and the divorce suit falsely portray it. If Dr. Abbott were fresh from a theological seminary or newly installed in a "popular" pulpit we might have had the pessimistic utterances which come from a visit to Duse or Virginia Harned or a divorce court. It is the narrowed point of view which the young specialist gets from his cancer cases or neurasthenic patients. Dr. Abbott is the good old family practitioner sort of clergyman who does not discern general degeneracy in one loveless ear or social decadence in crimes which are exceptional.

## A MUCH-DESIRED STATION.

The arbitrary decision of the Subway Construction Company to abandon the promised station at One Hundred and Fourth street and Central Park West is in opposition to the wishes of a great many residents of that neighborhood and the Mayor is to be commended for calling upon the Rapid Transit Commission to reconsider the matter and consult the views of the public in regard to the change.

There is now no direct means of transit between Central Park West and the Riverside Drive section of the upper west side. The subway station in question was counted on to be a distributing point for the park region for passengers from the west side and should not be abandoned on the pretext of a saving to the city of \$60,000.

## THE LIFE OF A NOVEL.

In the appraisal of the estate of Paul Leicester Ford, the author, the "future interests" of his celebrated novel, "Janice Meredith," are scheduled at \$1,000. To this complexion has his most popular work of fiction so speedily come!

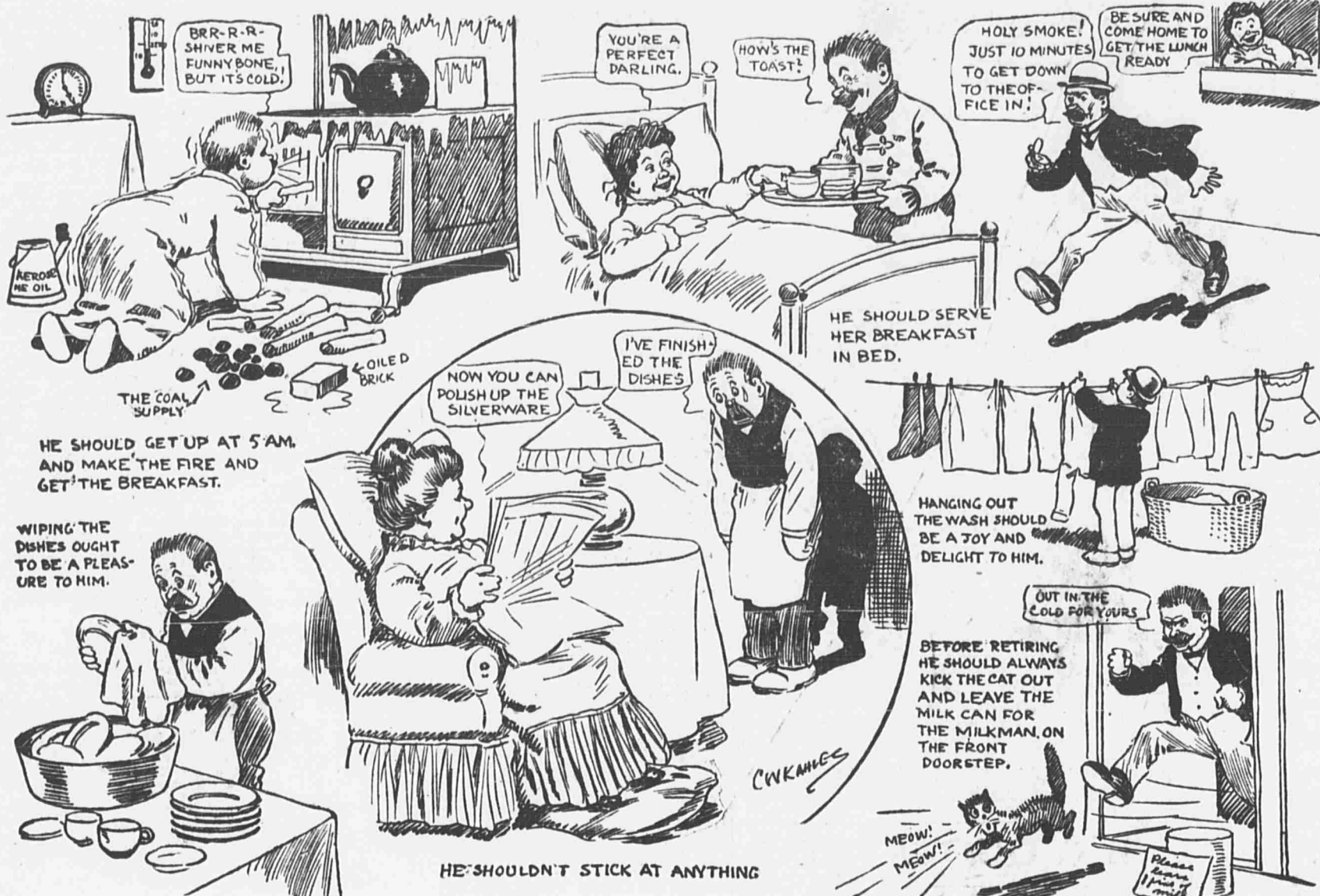
It seems only yesterday that "Janice Meredith" was the literary sensation of the season. The booksellers reported more copies of it sold than of all other books on their shelves and the presses of the publishers worked night and day to supply the demand. From Portland to Portland the orders poured in. Readers stood in line for it at the libraries. There were columns of biographical adulation for the author in the literary weeklies, with his portrait in every pose. Hotel piazza literary circles discussed the heroine's character with intimate and appreciative acquaintance, and romantic girls resolved to model their lives along the lines of hers. Not since "Tribby," then several years "dead," had there been so "formative a work of fiction," as the publisher's phrase was. A pale youth in a Brooklyn parlor was stamping a firmer impress on feminine manners and sentiments than all the pastors in the city pulpits.

But alas for the sickle favor of the reading public! Since then the pulp mill had the precious volumes, and the expectation of earnings from the copyright is now reduced to a paltry \$1,000.

Worlds to Conquer.—The Sultan of Johore, who is coming to visit us, has slain seven tigers in one day. But he will not have to fight the Mississippi crocodiles and raging lions in the Rockies waiting his trusty side.

## A New York Woman's Idea of a Model Husband.

Illustrated by Artist Kahles.



Miss Clemmie Ellis—please glue your eye to the "Miss"—has been telling the Society for the Study of Life that husbands and wives should share domestic drudgery—meaning thereby that one should wash one-half the dishes while the other washed the other half—or perhaps, as Lew Dockstader used to say, the wife rock her half of the baby while the husband let

his half cry. A nice little plan of Miss Ellis's—don't forget the "Miss"—but it hardly comes up to the real ideal model husband, who is expected to do all the housework and his own work besides. Mr. Kahles pictures the improved Miss Ellis style of hubby in the act of making his home as happy as possible.

### HEARTBREAK.



"She says she don't love ya."  
"Well, she'll learn her mistake in time. I'll be a world just for some money kid!"

### IT DIDN'T GO.



Freddie—Did you bet on the football game, Willie?  
Willie—Why, I was going to, but when I offered to bet a husky fellow two loaves of soda to a box of caramels he just gave me a ride stard!

### A DIPLOMAT.



"Why did you tell all those children that there would be no school to-day?"  
"Cause I knowed if I told enough of 'em dey'd stay home and dere couldn't be any!"

### PUTTING IN A CLAIM.



Mrs. Hardface—My mission is saving young men.  
Miss Sweetlips—Oh, my! Do save me a nice one, please!

## THE AWAKENING OF LAURA—By Ben Cameron.

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LAURA WEBSTER was an object of much curiosity, as well as considerable admiration, to the other girls of her acquaintance. Her undoubted intellectual and artistic attainments, which accounted for the admiration, which partook somewhat of awe, but the curiosity arose from the undeniable fact that she cared absolutely nothing for the admiration or society of the other sex. She was a handsome girl, too, with plenty of animal spirits, and full of fun; her lips were full and red, in her cheeks flushed the roses, and her eyes danced on occasion with a sparkle which would have been very fetching to the masculine mind had any such been favored with a glimpse. But in the presence of men she was dignified and reserved—even listless. There was no such romp among all the crowd of girls as she when they were alone at tennis, or bathing, or picnicking, but at the advent of a male person she became at once unbending and cold.

"Oh! come on and make up the party," exclaimed pretty Flora Graves, grasping her by the hand and seeking to pull her from the hammock, one warm day at the lakes. "I declare I never saw such a girl!"

There was a new face at the picnic that day. Bert Talmadge had brought down his friend from the city, one Jamie Derwent, who proved to be a trifle the liveliest member of the party.

There was something doing every minute of the day, and when the party returned to the hotel everybody concerned voted him the jolliest of good fellows.

On the following afternoon the young men of the party stood on the veranda waiting for the girls to join them for a row on the lake, when Derwent exclaimed to his friend Talmadge: "I say, Bert, there under the big tree reading?"

"That! Oh! that's Miss Webster," down the reply.

"Why isn't she in the party?" persisted Derwent.

"Oh! she doesn't care for fun and that sort of thing. Is one of those superior girls; has theories as to the higher education for women and the enlargement of their sphere, and all that sort of thing."

"Well, by Jove, I want to meet her!" persisted Derwent.

A twinkle appeared in Talmadge's eye. He winked at the others as he replied: "All right, old man; come along!"

The introduction was duly accom-

plished, considerably to the surprise of the young woman.

"Why waste your time reading on such a glorious summer day?" queried Derwent, lightly, standing gracefully before her, cap in hand, with the breeze blowing his ruffled hair into still greater disorder.

"Do you never read, Mr. Derwent?" she replied, demurely, with just the shade of irony in her voice.

"See here, you must not waste this

glorious day reading such cobwebby stuff as that. There's the crowd going for a row. Come along and get your lungs full of good air and your skin tanned with some sunshine," and actually, before the girl fairly knew how it happened, she found herself walking to the pier alongside this new acquaintance who had so masterful a way with him that he gave no opportunity for protest or refusal. She really enjoyed the ride too, much to her surprise. They had a boat to themselves and he proved a most interesting companion, albeit he crossed her opinions and pet theories most atrociously. He was a good oarsman, too, and outdistanced the others, so they were far from the shore when

they noticed a storm coming up. He turned and made for the shore, but did not cover more than half the distance when the wind struck them and lashed the water into great waves.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Webster," he sang out cheerily, as he skillfully turned the nose of the boat to meet the waves. "There is no danger."

A few moments brought them to shore, where the rest of the party had been anxiously watching them. As they



"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MISS WEBSTER!" HE SANG OUT CHEERILY.

glorious day reading such cobwebby stuff as that. There's the crowd going for a row. Come along and get your lungs full of good air and your skin tanned with some sunshine," and actually, before the girl fairly knew how it happened, she found herself walking to the pier alongside this new acquaintance who had so masterful a way with him that he gave no opportunity for protest or refusal. She really enjoyed the ride too, much to her surprise. They had a boat to themselves and he proved a most interesting companion, albeit he crossed her opinions and pet theories most atrociously. He was a good oarsman, too, and outdistanced the others, so they were far from the shore when

parted at the veranda he said: "I'll see you at the hop to-night, won't I?"

"I never dance," she replied.

"But you will to-night," he rejoined. "You owe it, you know, to the gallant knight who saved you from a watery grave."

"What about the one who lured me into the danger?" she replied, laughing.

She finally decided to go to the dancing pavilion that evening and watch the dancers for a time. No sooner had she seated herself than Derwent was at her side and almost before she knew it she was sailing about the room to the dreamy music of a waltz.

"Goodness, gracious, look at Laura

## Letters, Queries, Answers

Many Questions on All Sorts of Subjects Answered for Evening World Readers By Experts.

### "New York Girl Ranks Supreme."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If those young men who praise the pretty girls of Hoboken, Brooklyn, Jersey City, &c., would only open their eyes they could not fail to see the charms of the New York girl. I have traveled extensively in all parts of the world and the New York girl ranks supreme. And, by the way, I am not in love with anybody. I am merely giving you my honest opinion. Ask some of these gentlemen the next time they are in New York to open their eyes, not mechanically, but just as they ought to be opened, and they cannot fail to be struck by the general beauty of the New York girl. Hurrah for the New York girl! F. O.

### Ada Rehan in "Cyrano."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the proper way to spell the first word in "whisk-broom"? Is it "whisk" or "whisker"? Did Ada Rehan ever play in "Cyrano de Bergerac"? T. McFADDEN.

You may use either "whisk" or "whisker" correctly. Miss Rehan played Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac" at Daly's Theatre, the play being adapted so that Roxane was the "star" part.

### Brooklyn, E. D. Libraries.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where are the various free libraries situated in the Eastern District of Brooklyn? M. BARTH.

Eastern District branch of Brooklyn Free Library at old P. O. building, Bedford avenue, near Broadway; Brooklyn, E. D. School Library, No. 754 Driggs avenue.

### Voting Qualifications.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you please inform me how long has a citizen of the United States to be in the State of New York to vote for the President of the United States? A READER.

One year in the State, four months in the county, thirty days in the election district.

### Hot Shot for Coroner's Office.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorial on the Coroner's office is indeed a sensible one. The Coroner's office seems to me to be about as useful to the city of New York as is the vermouth appendix to the human system. Cut it out. A LAWYER.

### Husband's Share in Wife's Estate.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can a husband claim a share in a wife's estate under the law of this State? Mrs. SMITH.

If a woman die intestate her husband is entitled to share in her personality, pursuant to articles Nos. 2,782 and 2,784 of the Code of Civil Procedure. He is entitled to a life interest in her realty (in addition to his share in her personality) provided there was issue of the marriage. If you will make your question explicit, as to what relatives survive, the answer to your query will be more definite.

### This Man Never Takes a Bath.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I know a woman married to a man whom no one can induce to take a bath for eight weeks at a time. He is one of those kind who "polish the outside, never mind the rest." His wife is very neat. ANXIOUS.

### The Hour on Jewellers' Clocks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the reason that all jewellers' clocks are set at about twenty minutes

### past eight? Is Election Day a legal holiday in all States and Territories?

N. S.

Jewellers' clocks are supposed to be set at that hour in commemoration of the time President Lincoln was killed. There is, however, some other explanation of it. There is no universal legal holiday observed in all States and Territories.

### Mollieux Did Not "Serve Time."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A claims that Mollieux's wife is free from him without a divorce, as he served time. B claims that she is not free from him without a divorce. Which is right? C. P. F.

He did not "serve time" in the accepted sense of the word. He was sentenced to death, not to imprisonment. B is right.

### Raid the Downtown Gambling.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read again and again about the police raiding gambling-houses, but they are doing that mainly in uptown districts. Why don't they come to downtown districts and have downtown game-houses raided, especially in Chinatown, where there are the trickiest Chinese gamblers? PASSES-BY.

### Brooklyn Has Pretty Girls.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have travelled through many cities, and in none have I seen so many pretty girls as those in Brooklyn. They are attractive, in both manner and appearance (especially the blondes). They are also very refined and neat. A NEW YORKER.

### No Universal Legal Holiday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says Christmas is a legal holiday and B says it is not. Which is right? Miss B.

There is no universal legal holiday in this country, but Christmas is observed as such in most States and Territories.

### Mollieux Cannot Be Retried.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A says if there should be an eye witness that saw Mollieux mail the poison or saw him buy the bottle-holders he could be retried. B says he can never be tried for the same offense again. Which is right? SAM MARCUS.

### Saw McCullagh Deputy Beaten.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I just happened to pass at the time Bennett, the McCullagh deputy, was being beaten by several ruffians, who perhaps were hired for a few glasses of liquor. I and several other respectable citizens dared not interfere. It's best to keep quiet if that's what a man gets for doing his duty on election day. RESIDENT OF THE DISTRICT.

### Dewey Arch Was Never Built.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What became of the Dewey Arch in this city? Also if Edgar Allan Poe, the author, was an American or an Englishman. Where did he die and when? S. B. M.

The proposed Dewey Arch in New York has never been built. Poe was an American. He died in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7, 1849.

### Bridgegroom Pays the Fee.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who pays the minister's fee, the bridegroom or the bride's father? Is it proper to say such and such a thing is "awful nice"? QUERIST.

The bridegroom pays the minister's fee. No, it is not correct to say "awful nice."

## A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day

If Marconi wants to see what failure looks like let him try his hand at wireless politics.

Will the car unions clasp hands across the "forty miles from Schenectady to Troy?"

"Well, did you see the sights in New York?"

"Yes; all but the anthracites."

"You are a nasty, mean, horrid old thing, so there!" exclaimed Eva.

"I suppose next you'll threaten to go home to mamma," laughed Adam.

Then, realizing the bitterness of nature's handicap, Eva burst into tears—Philadelphia Record.

If Smoot's name had a final "h," His Senatorial game Is rough enough to let him see There's nothing in a name.

If Chief Croker has his way he will do much toward making New York the "matchless" city its admirers wish it to be.

Though all Havana's factories strike, One man won't cease to thrive; And that's the man who smokes the brand That's labelled "Three-for-Five."

When Richard Croker was sending those "congratulations to Charlie Murphy," what was the matter with adding a few messages for "Lootie" Hearn, "Dangle" McMahon, "Willie" Devery and "Settle" Low? To say nothing of "Traverse" Jerome.

"I hope you are not one of the men who find fault with the cooking."

"No, indeed," answered Mr. Meekton. "Happily, I'm very considerate in that way. In order that I may be perfectly satisfied she lets me do most of the cooking myself."—Washington Star.

Planist's Mother—What do you think of my daughter's "execution?"

The Lawyer—If I were the Court I shouldn't hesitate for a moment in postponing it.

A heavy blow came To poor Blower. Alas! He blew out the gas.

The Manhattan "U" is said to have

been leased for 99 years. Probably marked down from 1,000.

"They used to have circuses in Greece 3,000 years ago."

"I suppose the Venus de Milo was the 'Armless Wonder' of the combination."

"Had a brush with a fellow on the Southside elevated the other evening, did you? How did you come out?"

"I patted him on the jaw and good and hard," replied the other bill poster.—Chicago Tribune.

Guatemala has coffee to burn.

Outspoke the large-browed little boy In words with wisdom fraught: "I s'pose folks has wheels in their heads To move their trains of thought."

After to-day thoughts of the horse will give place to those of the turkey.

"Apartments in that building don't seem to rent very well, do they?"

"No; it's too old."

"Ah, sort of stale flat, and unprofitable, as it were?"—Indianapolis News.

The Kansas conductor who restored to a woman \$1,600 she had left on a seat in his car, and received not even thanks in return, now thinks that virtue is not only its own reward but frequently its only reward.

The firm of Dischinger & Bros. Fired two clerks—sole supports of their mos.

When asked "Where'll you go?" The two replied, "Oh, That ain't such a loss! There is no."

When women learn that razors are not meant to open cans with, and when men discover that hairpins have other uses than to serve as pipe-cleaners, there'll be fewer conjugal rows.

"But she used to be considered quite a beauty."

"That was before her father failed."—Detroit Free Press.

In spite of all precautions against premature interment it is generally the live wire that is buried.

"The biggest railroad merger in the city's history." And Morgan not running it. No wonder he's nervous.